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should not avail themselves of this feeling to their own advantage and that of the Art-loving public. We believe that small careful studies from nature will "pay" better than any description of Art-production in vogue, and if artists prefer to make few of them, and dilute them on huge canvasses, they need not wonder if they lose their time.

A FRIEND tells us an amusing instance of the effect of the lucidities of newspaper criticism. A lady, who had read an article in one of the dailies on the Academy Exhibition, and finding large and honorable mention therein of a picture by Raphael, in which a dandelion had been most Pre-Raphaelitically treated, posted off instantly to the exhibition, to get a sight of the rare and wonderful picture, wondering, doubtless, how it could be that she could have passed by a picture of Raphael's. She looked for it on the walls, and she looked for it in the catalogue, without success, and, at length, in despair, applied to a gentleman in the gallery for information, when she discovered that it was one of a gallery kept by one Memory, a very private collection, the key of which was in the critic's eye. We did not ascertain whether she was vexed with him or herself most.

GOUFFÉ & Co. have received a proof of an exquisite engraving from a new picture of Delaroche, an Entombment, a work of rare beauty and impressiveness. The composition is treated with exceeding simplicity, and the body of the Christ is a noble piece of anatomical drawing.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in favor of Doughty, the landscape painter, who is said to be in absolute want. Why not get up an exhibition of his works? Doughty is one of the pioneers of our landscape Art; and has painted many noble pictures in his better days, and we are sure that a collection of them would be very interesting. Many would testify their interest in this way who do not care to subscribe a small amount, and cannot afford a large subscription. If any will contribute to the fund, they may remit to W. C. Bryant, Esq., office of the *Evening Post*, or we will gladly take charge of any sums which may be consigned to our care.

THE Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, at Philadelphia, will open on the 28th of April, with nearly six hundred works of art; one of the largest and finest collections ever made in the country. New York artists contribute about twenty-five pictures.

A friend writes from Paris:—

"As to what the artists are doing here, I am not generally posted up. I can tell you, however, of a few.

"May has painted some capital pictures—Italian costume pictures—a girl at a fountain, a Tricoteuse, or young peasant girl knitting, in a field of grain and poppies, rich in color and full of fine daylight effect, and a Campagna Shepherd-boy tending sheep; also some excel-

lent portraits, among which, is one of Mrs. Mason, the wife of our respected ambassador.

"Babcock and Rossiter have some excellent things *en train*, but I have not been lately to their studios

"Gifford has painted up several of his English studies, among which, a very effective view of Kenilworth Castle, and two or three Lake views are particularly interesting.

"Greenough is hard at work, and has nearly completed his statue of Gov. Winthrop. He has also a nearly completed bust in marble, and a statuette in plaster of a Roman beggar girl.

"Cranch has been pretty busy all winter, executing commissions of small pictures—some of them American, some Italian views, some compositions. He has also nearly finished (for sale) two larger views. One of the Horse-shoe Fall of Niagara, the other a view on the Hudson of the Catskills. He hopes to go to Switzerland or the Pyrenees this summer to study."

There is to be an exhibition of paintings and other works of art at the Brooklyn Athenaeum, to open on the 19th of the present month. See advertisement on the cover.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

BY ARD TAYLOR'S POEMS."

THE present volume contains all that the author is willing to acknowledge of two earlier books, ("Rhymes of Travel," 1849, and the "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Song," 1851.) He has subjected what he has retained to a careful revision.

Mr. Taylor's course is well known, and to rehearse it, is only to show how an enviable reputation can be manfully won. He also gives us an earnest of a brilliant future.

As a poet he thoroughly understands poetical what he essays; is an ardent sympathizer with nature, and recognizes her humanity. Books of literary anecdotes give us accounts of the favorite trees of authors, and perhaps it is not wholly a delusion, that we can judge something of those author's natures by these express favoritisms, as the qualities that distinguish the oak among other trees, may not unlikely be the counterparts of like qualities in the man, who prefers it. Every one who reads this volume must remark how great a favorite the Pine is with the author. Indeed, we have only to turn to his *El Dorado*, for a frank expression of it, "I stopped under a palm-tree, and let my horse crop a little grass. In loftiness, grace, and exquisite symmetry, the palm is a perfect type of the rare and sensuous expression of Beauty in the South. The first sight of the tree had nearly charmed me into disloyalty to my native Pine; but when the wind blew, and I heard the sharp, metallic rustle of its leaves, I retained the old allegiance. The truest interpreter of Beauty is in the voice, and no tree has a voice like the Pine, modulated to the rhythmic accord with the subtlest flow of Fancy, touched with a human sympathy for the expression of Hope, and Love and Sorrow, and sounding in an awful

* *Poems of Home and Travel.* By ARD TAYLOR. Boston. Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

undertone to the darkest excess of Passion." He has shown all this in the opening poem of this volume—*The Metempsychosis of the Pine*, which we are inclined to pronounce his best, and one of the grandest in conception, and happiest in diction among poems of its length of our American poets. It is conceived in the perfect fulness of poetic feeling, delving into the mystical nature of the tree, as if it were a thing of human volition.

"And thus I know, by memories unfurled,
In rarer woods and many a nameless sign,
That once in time and somewhere in the world,
I was a towering Pine,

* * * * *

"Thence am I made a poet: thence are sprung
Those notions of the soul that sometimes reach
Beyond all grasp of art—for which the tongue
Is ignorant of speech.

"And if some wild full-gathered harmony
Roll its unbroken music through my line,
There lives and murmurs, faintly though it be,
The Spirit of the Pine!"

Mr. Taylor's style is frequently rather pregnant than polished, and he has a strong imagination that will crowd into a single word what Fancy would more gracefully weave along a line; hence his poems are generally adorned with such dainty little gems as delicate similes, which give such a sparkle to the verses of many a lesser poet. When we know of his acquaintance with Freiligrath, and how he has rendered so happily into English some of that bard's poems, we are not surprised to find something of the German poet's vein in *The Bison Track*, and elsewhere. We think we notice also traces of other German poets; nothing, however, amounting to an imitation. We are apt to place too much confidence in such things, we know; but we think any one conversant with the best style of Heine's poems, will find the same spirit, and even character of expression pervading them, that is noticeable in the following verses, which present certainly an exquisite picture.

AT HOME.

THE rain is robbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy gray
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

The winds are moaning, as they pass
Through tangled knots of autumn grass—
A weary, dreary sound of woe,
As if all joy were dead below.

I sit alone, I wait in vain
Some voice to hush this nameless pain;
But from my neighbor's cottage near
Come sounds of happy household cheer.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child:
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

The Boston publishers may congratulate themselves that, one by one, the best poets of the land seem to be putting their trust in them.

WOLFSDEN.*

THE author of this novel commences with a "Preliminary Flourish," as he calls it, in which he affects to burlesque a style of false rhetoric, from which he will endeavor himself to be free; but how far he succeeds, we shall show from two passages; the first taken from this introductory portion, and the other, from the latter part of the volume, both being the same subject.

First.—"Morning dawns in Wolfsden. It is time. The night has been long. The beasts in their stalls have consumed their nightly fodder, and chewed the cud of patience, while the frost has silvered their hoary brows, and hung with icicles their whiskered cheeks. The silly sheep torpidly await the morning, each with his nose buried in the woolly warmth of close-crowded mates. The feathered brood, cramped upon their high perch, have counted with unerring instincts, the last hour of night, and their high-pitched lord awakes the morning with a cottage-rousing crow. Awake, Alex! Come from the land of dreams. Alex needs no second call! The bounce of his elastic feet upon the floor, echoes to the last note of chanticleer. With the iron-bound bucket, he has drawn a copious cosmetic from the deep well, and dashed his ruddy cheeks and youthful limbs in unsparring profusion."

Second.—"Slowly moves the mighty panorama across the silent sky. The constellations which gem the brow of night decline in the west, for a dawning glory glimmers in the east, and the morning star heralds the day. From his high perch, chanticleer sends forth his morning summons. Soon from the chimney-top ascends a wreathed column to the sky, and from the kitchen windows the red light of a blazing fire throws its glare over the snowy landscape. The long row of patient cattle lying in their stalls, lazily uprise and stretch their long limbs, as they hear the approaching feet, and the opening of doors by the hand that feeds them. Down from their perches fly the feathered flock, all claim their share from the abundant granary, and have their claim allowed."

We are so afraid people will fall down, when we see them walking on stilts, and they do have to go all around a point so, before they can stand on it! These attempts at fine writing, which the author, evidently, prides himself on, are the great blemishes of the book. We don't like to be launched off into every chapter with such tritely-told descriptions, and commonplace morality superbly propped up. In the early part of the book, one is in a maze, and has but an indefinite idea of what is going on. We ache as the crushing weight of epithets. Later, however, his style becomes purer and more vigorous, and some of the stirring scenes are told with aptness and force.

Luckily all readers are not critics of style, and the reviewer rejoices now and then, to forget his function, and read for mere amusement, and, perhaps, profit, if the kinder feelings are roused; and accordingly, we don't grudge the time we have given to the reading of this book.

Wolfsden is a village on the Saco river, in Maine, which has all the appurtenances of other New England villages—its rival societies with occasional revivals; its church choirs, and the Philharmonics, who belie their names, and do

nothing but quarrel; its squire, colonel, major, deacon and schoolmaster, who "boards round," its Light Infantry; its hangers-on of the dram shops, and its Washingtonians; its "neighborhoods" and "corners," and its picnics and gatherings. The characters of Bragly the dramseller, and his victim, Bang, the broken-down blacksmith, are well touched up here and there. The former goes through a course of selfishness and hypocrisy, and when he has drained the pockets of the smith, he makes him work for his liquor, when finally Bang in a drunken fit, grapples with the villain, and both are pitched down a new-dug well to die. The scenes incident to the career of Alex in New York are possible, and we accordingly are not disposed to doubt their probability, inasmuch as actual occurrences are said to have given the hint. The great metropolis is not much honored in the relating of them. The chapters on Carolina and its slave-laws, are too petulantly angry, and in their spirit the author appears so utterly blinded to every thing like virtue in the South, that they fail of their effect. If we could strike out the amount of a dozen lines from the story in this part, the remainder might pass for the purposes of fiction, but these few strokes here and there betray a sinister purpose. This Southern episode is adroitly introduced, but we were sorry to have the harmony of Northern life interrupted by it.

Sympathizing damsels will glide quietly and happily out of any excitement the story may have engendered, for it all ends in the most approved manner of everybody's marrying somebody just to their mutual liking.

The publishers have done their part well, and added two wood-engravings of appropriate spirit.

COLLEGE WORDS AND CUSTOMS.*

A CURIOUS book, full of odds and ends relative to college life, a pleasant reminder of days past to the graduate, of days to come to the "Sub-Fresh," and an incomprehensible chronicle to the outsider. The Editor is a graduate of Harvard, of some five years standing, and commenced the work in his senior year, which when first published, made a book of scarcely half its present size. He apologizes for many words lacking in a refinement of sound and derivation, and for a record of many customs that would be more honored in the breach than the observance; but he thinks, not without justice, that there is nothing in language or manners too insignificant for the attention of those who are desirous of studying the diversified development of the character of man. The arrangement is alphabetical, and the pages are replete with quotations from that species of literature, which is best comprehended by college-men. There is many a page to raise a laugh, and some, alas! to make us sigh, for the absurdity of follies. There are over thirty American colleges and universities represented in some way or other, the great preponderance of matter being, however, in favor of Harvard. There is

nothing but space devoted to Yale. The references to other colleges are only occasional. The English universities are also well attended to; and so are the German in some degree. We notice he designates the clubs of the German students as *chores*, following, we suppose, Howitt, in his German Student-life, whereas the proper designation is the French word *corps*, which Howitt ought to have learned during his residence in Heidelberg. The German students are somewhat prone to laugh at that work, however, as the production of one uninitiated.

The volume is as neatly printed as Mr. Bartlett's publications usually are.

EDITH HALE.*—This book lacks vigor, and needs the oversight of a scholar to give it something like an elegance of diction. In the opening chapter we note several gross vulgarisms, or phrases of ambiguous import. Scraps of odd learning and recondite reference, are meted out to many of the characters, sometimes in the most inopportune manner, while oftentimes they are ridiculously obtrusive. It shows but a few of the peculiar phases of village life, and these are rarely graphically portrayed. The plot and arrangement of incident deserved a better handling.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

De Quincy's Writings—Memorials. 2 vols. Ticknor & Field, Boston.

Poems, by Charles Kingsley. 1 vol. Ticknor & Field, Boston.

The Heroes, by Charles Kingsley. 1 vol. Illustrated. Ticknor & Field, Boston.

Christine; or, Woman's Trials and Triumphs, by Laura J. Curtis. 1 vol. Dewitt & Davenport, New York.

Wild Western Scenes, by J. B. Jones. 1 vol. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. 1 vol. Illustrated. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Munroe & Co., Boston.

MR. MOXON, for twenty years the Poet's publisher, as old Moseley was before him (and both write poetry), has nearly deserted the Muses. He is, however, true to Mr. Tennyson, though no longer so to another born-poet, Mr. Browning. The Muses are moving to Farringdon-street. Mr. Routledge—"Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times"—is not afraid of poetry, though Mr. Moxon is. The spirited publisher of Sir Edward Lytton's works courts true poets, and is about to publish a new poem by a true poet—by Charles Mackay—who has too long suffered his fine vein of poetry to lie unworked. We shall not, however, have occasion to quarrel with his nearly five years peace, if, as we are assured—and from what we have seen, we gather for ourselves—the muse of Mackay has gained in strength of wing and consequently in height, by the time that has elapsed between his last work and the good poem which is coming from the counter of Mr. Routledge.

A portrait of the late Mr. Lockhart, painted by Mr. Pickersgill (it is one of Mr. Pickersgill's very best portraits), has just been engraved by Mr. Geo. T. Doo, the eminent line engraver, in his most careful manner. The proud Spanish look and the winning smile of the man, have been happily caught by both painter and engraver.

* *Wolfsden: an Authentic Account of Things There and Thereunto Pertaining, as they Are and Have Been.* By J. B. Burton; Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856.

* *A Collection of College Words and Customs.* By B. H. Hall. Revised and enlarged Edition. Cambridge; John Bartlett: 1856. 508 pp.

* *Edith Hale; a Village Story.* By TERRACE TALMON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1856. Dedicated to the Publishers, 521 pp.